

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY, NOT THEIR WRONGS.

VOLUME 2. NUMBER 9

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, MAR., 14 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 61

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

Issued Every Friday.

TERMS.

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.60 six months.
.35 three months.

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S. S. ELAM, Editor & Owner.

Advertising Rates.

10 cents per inch.
First page ads twelve and one-half cents per inch.
Five cents per inch extra for composition.
Locals 10 cents per line for first insertion. 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions and funeral notices. Cards of Thanks and Obituaries. one cent per word.

Announcements for County offices, \$5.00 cash in advance.
Justices of the Peace \$2.50.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce

FRANK BLAIR,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the nomination for clerk of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

L. C. BAILEY,

of Falcon, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

LOUIS MARSHALL,

of Salyersville as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Magoffin county subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

J. J. PACE,

of Conley, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

PROCTOR PACE,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

W. J. PATRICK,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

DOC G. HOWARD

as a candidate for the office of Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce

W. S. ADAMS,

of Falcon as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Magoffin county subject to the action of the Republican party.

S. S. ELAM,

editor of the Mountaineer announces as a candidate for the nomination for superintendent of schools of Magoffin County, subject to the Republican party.

EDITORIAL.

Spring is here and people throughout the County will be busy until after the August. Primary. They should not get too busy to carefully consider who they will nominate in August.

Read what our correspondent from Jondun says about selecting good, sober, moral citizens for

county officers. This is the sentiment throughout the County.

Since the Republican party has been a party of progress and since the Progressives will probably nominate a ticket, it behooves every Republican to think well before he decides for whom he will vote. A weak ticket means defeat. Mark these words. Every Republican should know these facts that they may nominate efficient candidates. "Efficiency" should be the Republicans war cry thru the coming campaign.

The writer does not ask the party to nominate him for the office of county superintendent if they have a more efficient candidate. On the other hand, if you think that he is the best qualified man in the county for this office, we think you should not only vote for him but that you should ask your neighbor to support him also. Some think he deserves the nomination without opposition. This would give him, as well as the party strength in the November election.

Remember that Salyersville as well as Magoffin county is improving by leaps and bounds.

The Law and order Association, promises to make the community a more desirable locality by stopping the illicit sale of liquor as well as other lawlessness.

If you want to improve your conditions think well before you leave Magoffin which is one of the richest counties in the Mountains.

MAGOFFIN INSTITUTE.

Miss Fannye Carpenter and Prof. Goodman visited at Swanpton Saturday and Sunday.

"The Drill" preparatory to County Examination begins at Magoffin Institute Monday March 17th. Current Events and Method are very important factors in the coming examinations.

STAR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Meets at Magoffin Institute Chapel, Friday, night, at 6:30 P. M.

Programme.
Song Devotional Minutes Roll Call
Society Prof. Rice Secretary

Old Black Joe

Old Time School

All Sorts; Prof. C. E. McWharther

Critics Report, Prof Joe Rice

K. C. Goodman. Tres

Miss Willie Prater. Sec.

Consuls,

Anna Cooper

Hargis Arnett

C. E. McWharther

J. V. KELLY

THE UNDERTAKER

has a new stock of coffins and caskets.

Prices; Infants sizes, \$3.00 to \$10.00. Adult sizes, coffins \$8.00 to \$25.00, caskets \$20.00 to \$85.00. These prices include boxes and trimmings.

Office located mid-way between Ivyton and Bradley. Phone write or call on J. V. Kelly, Bradley, Ky.

OUR REMOVAL.

For the past few weeks The Mountaineer has been located in the W. J. Patrick building in the up stairs room facing the Court House. Call and see us when in town.

X after your name, means that you get one more copy of this paper, XX means that you get no more copies until you give us some currency, corn, beans, fodder, potatoes,

LOCAL NEWS.

Blank Oil and Gas leases, in any quantities, 2 cents each at the Mountaineer office.

J. D. Hoekstra Mgr. Salyersville Gas Co. who has been at Charleston, W. Va. on business for the past several days returned Saturday.

He paid for his company about \$1500. since he returned.

The many friends of Bill Patrick, formerly assistant cashier of the Salyersville Bank, has seen fit to go to Catlettsburg. We wish him success, wherever he may go. Miss Elizabeth May takes his place.

Garfield Conley, formerly of this county, who now lives at Wheelersburg, Ohio, is visiting friends and relatives.

For rock bottom prices in clover and grass seeds see

W. P. Carpenter. Adv.

Good Sauer Kraut may be bought from Mrs. S. S. Elam at 10 cents per gallon.

W. J. Patrick has returned to Cincinnati, where, we are informed, he has bought a large assignment of men's and boy's clothing. He will be there for sometime selling out this large stock of goods.

W. C. Collinsworth's dwelling and contents were burned Sunday afternoon. Also all of the household plunder of Mrs. Pearl Fairchild who lived in his home. The total loss of household goods was about \$300, leaving the families in a needy condition.

Mr Collinsworth will not ask any charity but will greatly thank any one who leaves anything at the Mountaineer office or sends it to his home at Cyrus, Ky.

LOST somewhere on W. Liberty road between White Oak and mouth of Lick Creek a boy's new rain coat. Finder receive reward if returned to Mountaineer office.

The ladies of the Christian church will give a box supper Saturday night instead of Friday night.

Adv.

"BIG TIGER" DOINGS

Last Saturday the court house was visited by a large crowd of women who were anxious to see the result of the trials before county judge Salyer.

Sanford Fletcher was fined \$125, and put under a \$200. peace bond.

Ben Trusty who is now out of the county was fined \$150. Will Tom Crace fined \$100 and a number of cases pending.

Will Tom Crace was placed in jail Tuesday to pay his \$100. fine. Let us be misunderstood, let us say that warrants were issued for John D. Conley and John Salyer (Morg's son) for procuring liquor for another and John Salyer testified as to where he purchased his Saturday.

Last Sunday John Gardner stepped on a few toes when he addressed the Association on lawlessness.

He showed the organization how detrimental to the county it was to permit swindling of all sorts to go on. He said that some of our people swindled anything from stick pins to threshing machines.

He showed how our titles were questioned and our lands were a drug on the market because the outside world had been frightened by our land swindlers or "wild cat" land dealers. This he thought was hindering the pro-

gress of our county very much and should be stopped.

Our merchants were asked to make an agreement to destroy cigarette papers as soon as they arrived and not to sell extracts intoxicating patent unedicines to those who are accustomed of being intoxicated.

Mr. Stephens stated that the Bank was now considering a proposition of advertising, the land swindling business throughout the county.

W. P. Carpenter has returned from Cincinnati where he has been purchasing his spring line of merchandise.

Before buying your spring goods be sure and inspect W. P. Carpenter's newest and most up-to-date line that ever was brought to our town, consisting of any thing to eat, wear or plant.

A S OTHERS See Us.

A Former Magoffin Man Thinks our Merchants Should Awake and Make Our County More Progressive.

816 Lincoln Street,
Topeka, Kansas.
March 4, 1913.

To The MOUNTAINEER:

It was with surprise that I read in your paper of last week that of the eight merchants in your town, but four were subscribers, and that but one advertised.

The support given a home paper gauges a community, and I hope to read soon that all are subscribers and advertisers. In this day the man who does not advertise can not long succeed. Your merchants could well afford to PAY YOU \$100 A YEAR EACH FOR ADVERTISING, and they OUGHT to do it. Every family in the county ought to take your paper, and many outside on the borders of the county. That would enable you to publish a fine big paper and do your country much good. You have a beautiful and rich country, and you ought to tell the world about it. Your people ought to take your paper and advertise in it so YOU COULD TELL THE WORLD about your country. A good newspaper is the ONLY THING that will put a country on the map.

No family should be without a newspaper. In fact, every family ought to take three or four papers. The newspaper is the modern educator. Children will educate themselves, almost, if you will furnish them good papers. I take six daily papers—three from Kansas City, one from Leavenworth, and the two dailies published here in Topeka. And I take five magazines. In this age a man to be well-informed must read the papers, and a man who does not do so can not perform his duties as a citizen in any intelligent manner. Every man should take pride in his intelligence.

Yours truly,
William E. Connelley.

Editor's note.

This article was unsolicited and came as a pleasant surprise. Our subscribers may induce merchants to advertise by patronizing those merchants who patronize your paper.

Smooth wire \$3.00 per cwt.
Barb wire \$3.00 per cwt.
Nails 3.00 per keg at W. P. Carpenter's

A CLUBBING.

Any person who will bring or send in during this month, two or more subscriptions AT ONE TIME, (paying for them in advance of course,) May keep ten cents to the dollar for their trouble.

Alonzo Lacy is visiting at Bloomington.

Carl Cooper spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives here.

J. S. Watson was fined \$18. Wednesday in police court for an assault on J. S. Fletcher committed in Fletcher's store. The trouble came up over one of their hogs trespassing on the others premises.

THE SONG OF OUR BUSINESS MANAGER.

How dear to my heart
Is the cash of subscription,
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view.
But the one who won't pay
I refrain from description,
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That one may be you.

EX.

Come! Come! Come!!

TO MAGOFFIN INSTITUTE.

Everything is flourishing. The attendance is good. New ones coming in every day.

Good board and room \$2.00 per week. The dormitories will be in charge of John Franklin Cooper one of Magoffin County's best known Citizens.

Tuition, Primary department, \$1.50 per month, 7th and 8th grades \$2.00 per month; Normal and High School pupils \$2.50 per month. All tuition payable two months in advance.

The instruction in all departments of this school will be strictly high class. The teachers are experienced and thoroughly qualified to handle their respective departments. Special Course for applicants for County Examination

JOE RICE, Principal.
K. C. GOODMAN.
C. E. McWharther.

FARMER'S FREE Want Column.

In order to show our farmers that "It pays to advertise", we will run this column in which each subscriber may use, free of charge, fifteen words, in anyone issue, to advertise anything he wants to buy or sell, (from the farm,) to secure work for himself or hire farm hands, sell or rent lands, find owners for lost articles or live stock or advertise his own lost or strayed.

Additional words will be put in at one cent per word; or the advertisement may be run in succeeding issues, so long as desired at one cent per word, payable IN ADVANCE.

If you would get your wants in this column phono, write, or call on us before Monday night.

WANTED

TO SELL two farms. For further particulars inquire of

D. M. Atkinson,
Salyersville, Ky

TO SELL—

Eggs from pen headed by \$10. cock. at 85 cents per 15. A second pen at 55 cents per 15.

Eggs delivered to your Post Office by Parcels Post.

Send order early.

Mrs. W. H. Caudill,
Falcon, Ky.

TO SELL a farm of 125 acres. 25 acres in bottom land and one fourth mile on Licking river. 50 acres in timber. Price \$2000.

I will exchange to mineral or timbered lands.

P. M. Elam,
Kentucky.

A POOR HOUSE FARM

The Fiscal Court desires to purchase a poor house farm. Call on or address Judge Salyer or any of the Justices of the Peace.

TO BUY—corn and fodder. Call at this office.

A BIG BARGAIN.

Every farmer should take one or more farm journals. We will be glad to furnish you the Farm Journal five years and the Mountaineer one year ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS.

Straight From the Shoulder.
"Well, now really, Miss Jeorwell, I should like to hear what you would consider the ideal man," said Bidded.
"Define him for me, won't you?" "I couldn't," said Miss Jeorwell with a pleasant smile. "The terms are essentially contradictory."

Convincing.
"That Mrs. Topgood must know I powder my face," decided Mrs. De Puff, "for just now I heard her telling the janitor's wife that she thought I belonged to the plasterers' union!"

Awake.

"That man talks a great deal, but you must admit that he's wide awake." "Well," replied Farmer Corntassel, reflectively, "you couldn't expect a man to fall asleep during one of his own speeches."

Samson

By JOSEPH O'BRIEN

Novelized From Henri Bernstein's Play of the Same Name

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PROLOGUE.

Jacques Brachard, Marseilles crossing sweeper, loses his heart to Anne-Marie, little daughter of the Marquise d'Andeline. Believing gold will buy all things, even a beautiful woman, he resolves to become rich. After ten years' silent worship of Anne-Marie he appears in Paris, the wealthiest man in France through copper mine investments. The marquise is proud, but impoverished, and begs Anne-Marie to marry Brachard. Anne-Marie consents, though she tells Brachard she dislikes him. Jerome Govaïn, risen from poverty to wealth through Brachard, makes love to Anne-Marie. Brachard announces he is departing for London. He leaves his wife at her mother's reception. Anne-Marie consents to dine with Govaïn and a few others. Grace Rutherford, whom Govaïn jilted, upbraids him and tells him she knows he loves Brachard's wife. Max d'Andeline tells his mother that she should consider it high good fortune that Brachard married into the family.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Brachard voices his suspicion. RACHARD moved about awkwardly to allow the others to pass him and leave the drawing room. Anne-Marie walked over to a divan and seated herself, completely indifferent to his presence. Anne-Marie looked very beautiful as she sat there on the divan, coldly oblivious. Brachard thought he had never realized until now the full intensity of his love for her. For many months no word of love had passed between them. When he released her, as much as possible, from the bondage of their marriage, after he came to know how little she liked him, it was agreed between them that she should be free also from the useless repetition of his protestations of love. His wooing of his wife had been carried on silently, under that agreement, and he had won her to a sort of tolerant kindness—nothing more. Now, that he was going away from her for the first time, he felt the keenest sorrow. "I mustn't make you late," she said. "I hope your trip?" "Shall I take you home?" he interrupted eagerly, hopefully. "Don't bother yourself about me," Anne-Marie said. "I've ordered an automobile. I shall go for a spin. My head aches dreadfully." "Dreadfully? Poor child!" Brachard said, with a sudden excess of tenderness. "Stay just for a minute, Anne," he pleaded as she was about to go. "Very well, for a minute," she said resignedly. "I wish I could take you with me," he said. "I am sorry even the prospect of a drive in Hyde park will not tempt you." "I dislike the crossing so; it tires me to death." "Well, perhaps it is better for you to stay, although I think Lord Harrington's sale would interest you. I know how you like those English pictures. And I am looking forward with delight to bringing you that portrait." "I am told that you are going to London to meet some big railroad man." "Yes," Stanton Forbes is about to return to America, and I want to see him before he leaves." "Isn't he the American millionaire with whom you have arranged to carry out that plan of yours, the building in Egypt of a sort of—"

must leave you, the deepest emotion," he said earnestly. "A separation of two days?" she said lightly, thinking of Govaïn. "It is because I am not leaving with a quiet heart. When I am away from you, darling, I am wretchedly unhappy." "Jacques, I thought we were not to speak any more of that," she said coldly. "I can't help it, Anne," he averred passionately, advancing and catching her wrist. "I worship you. I can't tell you how much I love you. Oh, I can't tell you!" He tried to draw her to him, to crush her to his breast. She struggled and protested. "Jacques, I entreat you. This is ridiculous; it is absurd," she said. At that instant Grace Rutherford, one of the last of the guests, entered quickly. She stopped in surprise when she saw Brachard struggling to bring Anne-Marie within his arms. "Tableau!" she cried. "You make a charming picture." At the sound of her mocking voice Brachard released his wife. Anne-Marie quickly regained her self-possession. "Now you are punished," she said to Brachard, laughing. "Stay right where you are. I hope you have a good crossing, and now goodbye. I will see you Thursday. Goodbye, goodbye, Grace." She ran quickly out of the room, leaving Brachard immovable. Grace walked around and looked inquiringly into his face. "You are not laughing," she said, wondering. "There is nothing to laugh about," said Jacques. Suffering was written in deep lines on Brachard's face, but another expression, unaccustomed and but half formed, was struggling there for mastery.



He Tried to Draw Her to Him, to Crush Her to His Breast.

It was suspicion. Brachard had shown his wife every tender consideration for more than a year. He had been generous, thoughtful, unselfish. Now it came over him that some other influence must have come into the life of Anne-Marie to cause her to persevere in her hatred of him. "My poor friend," Grace said gravely when Brachard turned toward her. He looked at her cynically as he read her thoughts in her face, finding confirmation there of his fears. "You pity me?" he asked, half contemptuously. "A little," she replied. "I am not happy either. We are old comrades, Jacques—fellow sufferers—are't we?" "Yes, of course." "All of this annoys me. It makes me sad," Grace went on. "All what?" "Well, life isn't a very nice affair after all, is it?" she answered evasively. "Good night, Jacques." She made a move toward the door as if to go. Brachard caught her arm. "Grace, be frank with me," he said, more commandingly than pleadingly. "Is she deceiving me?" "Who, Anne-Marie?" Grace asked. "Yes, of course, Anne-Marie!" Brachard said impatiently. "Is she deceiving me?" "Why, no! Why should you think that?" Grace answered in a manner that belied her denial. "Why? Such thoughts cross a man's brain like a sudden revelation. For a long time vague ideas came back again and again to him. He can't explain them to himself. Then, suddenly the truth suffocates him. A look, a word, tells the story. Just now, the way you looked, the tone of your voice." Brachard spoke rapidly, excitedly. "I believe Anne deceives me. I'll wager she does. Grace, tell me the truth. Don't torment me any longer." In his eagerness he caught her by the wrists and forced her to a seat. She gave a cry of pain.

"My dear friend, your state of mind distresses me," she said. "You are madly in love with her." "Yes. No one else exists for me. I want her love only, and I don't want even a little bit of it to escape me. I want it as I've wanted other things—so I determined not to remain poor, as I have wished for money, wished to win my place in the world, in society; but ah, I want it more, how overwhelmingly more, than anything else." Brachard spoke with intense passion, pacing up and down the drawing room, working his arms convulsively. Grace watched him in wonder and half alarm. "Take care, Jacques," she warned; "take care. It is no longer a question of forming plans, of conquering ghosts of finance, of making a great fortune. You are dashing yourself to pieces against the little heart of a woman. A heart which does not love you is a hard thing to dash yourself against. The most victorious go to pieces on that rock." "I shall wait. I know how to wait." "What will you wait for?" "My hour," he cried. "That means something. My hour has always come. It must come this time, as it has in all other things, and then—" He broke off suddenly. Grace arose again. "I hope you will win, Jacques," she said. "Goodbye, dear friend." Looking at her, Brachard suddenly broke into a peal of bitter laughter. "No, no, no," he said, stopping her quietly. "What do you mean?" "Don't treat me like a dotard; not yet." "Well?" "Why act this comedy with me?" he demanded roughly. "I know that you are really eager to confide the truth to me; eager. Now, go on and tell me what it is." "So you take me for a malicious person—a tale bearer?" "No; you have more at stake than that, but what I am ignorant of. Only go on and tell me." "Listen to me, Jacques." "Ah, at last." "I am not acting from interest," Grace explained hurriedly. "Agreed," he said, impatient to hear her story. "But I am really devoted to you." "And I to you," he assured her. "I remember a winter out there, five years ago. I remember those nights in the Mediseval palace. Since then you've been a good friend to me—a man I could trust." "It was the least I could do." "And I am grateful to you," Grace continued hurriedly. "Today you have suffered. Well—I have just learned that you are leaving for London." "True. In five minutes I must be off." "Is your trip very important?" "Very." "In that case"—She hesitated. Brachard turned to her impatiently, his eyebrows bent together. "Go on," he commanded. "I intended to advise you not to go—to pretend to leave, but to remain in Paris." "Why?" he asked. "Well, I am sure of nothing, you understand, nothing. But if you return to your home at about 12 o'clock and knock on your wife's door—" "Well?" he cried wildly, his eyes burning as he gazed at her. "Don't ask me any more," she said fearfully. "Good," Brachard said, controlling himself again with an effort. There was a pause during which he drew out his watch. Grace watched him curiously. "Then you will not go to London?" she asked. Brachard shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, only looking at her quizzically. "You will go?" she asked again. The same gesture and look was his answer. "What are you going to do?" she asked, consumed by curiosity. This time Brachard smiled grimly, and she exclaimed petulantly: "Oh, you are dumb, are you? You've gone back into your shell. Well, well, I shan't insist. I'm not curious, but one of these days, Jacques—" He smiled again with another contemptuous movement of his big shoulders as she walked toward the vestibule. She turned as she reached the door. "Yes, my good friend, shrink your shoulders as much as you like, open your eyes or else (them if you like, conceal what you think from me if you please, but don't neglect the advice of a friend—a woman, I mean)." Brachard knew that Grace had told him the truth—that he was dashing himself to pieces against the little heart of a woman who did not love him. But he would go on. He had never in all the years of his life, years of desperate fighting, acknowledged defeat, and he would not do so now. He would find his rival and would crush him until he lay writhing, broken, helpless and exposed. His hour was close at hand now, and there was no longer time to wait.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at Current Topics and Events

Paris, March 4.—The formidable problem of finding accommodation for 120,000 persons who are to be evicted from their dwellings owing to the sale of the antiquated fortifications of Paris to the city authorities by the French government has been worrying the municipal council of the French capital.

The space occupied by the wall, twenty-one miles in length, encircling Paris and the firing zone, 500 yards in width forming it, is to be converted into public parks. This space is now covered by many thousands of wretched ramshackle houses, occupied in most cases by the poorest class of work people and ragpickers, but in many instances turned into resorts for criminals and tramps.

The proprietors pay a small annual sum for the privilege of being allowed to construct these huts on the condition that they are subject to destruction in case of war. There is not sufficient accommodation for the occupants in other parts of the city.

The amount of money expended on these old fortifications, erected in 1810 and now to be razed, is estimated to have exceeded \$200,000,000. It is impossible to enter the city without passing through one of the seventy gates now used as stations for the collection of the tax imposed on provisions coming into Paris from the country districts.

Evacuation Day in Boston.

Boston, March 4.—Elaborate preparations have been perfected for Evacuation day, March 17. The celebration will include the customary military parade and banquet, to both of which events President Wilson has been invited. Mr. Taft when president rode in the parade and delivered an address at the Evacuation day celebration last year.

Largest Battleship.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 2.—The largest and most powerful battleship afloat, the Brazilian super-Dreadnought Rio de Janeiro, is now nearing completion at Elswick, where she was launched recently.

She displaces 27,500 tons and is armed with fourteen twelve-inch and twenty-six inch guns. She is designed to attain a speed of twenty-two knots an hour.

The Rio de Janeiro is the third and last of the battleships ordered by the Brazilian government in July, 1906. The first to be launched was the Minas Geraes, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Sept. 10, 1908. She has a displacement of 20,000 tons and carries twelve twelve-inch guns. Her sister ship, the Sao Paulo, was launched at Barrow-in-Furness on April 19, 1909.

The Hourman and Minuteman.

Washington, March 3.—Aladdin and his genie were wonder workers in their way. They were fictitious characters. But Goethals and his genie, the men under his command, builders of the Panama canal, who cut their way through a dense, wooded country, leveling mountains and lifting aloft immense bodies of water, controlling these same waters, are real flesh and blood wonder workers.

What more wonderful than this feat of mankind!

Attention was first called to an uninhabitable section of the globe; then, seemingly only minutes after we are



Colonel George W. Goethals Guided the Building of World's Eighth Wonder.

again directed to gaze in the same direction, and, behold, a transformation has been wrought. The beauties of Eden are on view, and two masses of water will soon join hands. Untold centuries have they been apart.

One will always be remembered as the master mind who directed the accomplishment of this heavenly effort which makes the Panama canal possible. He is Colonel George W. Goethals.

Colonel Goethals is the man of the hour. His men are the minutemen. His glory is theirs.

Throughout official circles here men are sounding his praises and commending the steps taken to reward him for his work.

Alter Fortification Plans.

Washington, March 3.—As the result of a report made at the Army War college plans for the proposed fortifications at the mouth of Chesapeake bay have undergone important alterations.

On account of the increased range of modern armament and the increased draft of vessels, the idea of making an artificial island at the entrance of the bay has been abandoned, and it now is contemplated to confine the fortifications to Cape Henry.

The latest project will provide for the construction of emplacements for eight twelve-inch mortars, four twelve-inch rifles and four six-inch rifles, the necessary mining structures and fire control and searchlight systems at an estimated cost of \$1,801,700.

It also is planned to quarter troops for these guns at Fort Monroe, Va., at an estimated cost for quarters of \$300,000, and to transfer armament from less important points at a cost of \$30,000.

Philippine Independence.

Washington, March 5.—Manuel Quezon, the Philippine delegate to congress, is encouraging every effort which might cause the new congress to force



Manuel Quezon, Delegate to Congress From the Philippine Islands.

the ultimate independence of the Philippine Islands.

He believes the islanders should be tried out in an experimental period of eight years. If after that time it has been proved that the Filipinos can take care of themselves they should be given independence, he declares.

Improvement of Capitol Grounds.

Washington, March 3.—Uncle Sam spent a tidy sum on the capitol grounds—the beautiful park which surrounds legislative headquarters and which congress has lately voted to enlarge through the purchase of much of the adjoining property. The severe winter of a year ago left its scars on the capitol grounds as it did elsewhere in the country, and the most unwelcome outcome was the loss of a number of the stately trees that have won the admiration of visitors to Washington in years gone by.

Such loss is in a great measure irreparable, but the government has hastened to plant a number of young trees, and that these newcomers may in after years possess added interest for the nation the custom has been followed of having them planted by prominent men. Speaker Champ Clark planted one, as did the late Vice President Sherman, and a number of the leading senators followed the example.

Ambassador to England.

London, March 2.—Sydney Brooks, the well known writer on international politics, has contributed an article to the Daily Mail showing the difficulties that beset the president of the United States in choosing an ambassador to the court of St. James. Some of his most pertinent remarks run as follows:

"For one thing, while the United States possesses in Victoria street some small offices that are called an embassy, it has no ambassador's residence. It acts with republican austerity on the theory that all work and no sleep, let alone play, makes a good ambassador. It provides him accordingly with a desk, chair, pens and paper and the paraphernalia of his official business, but takes no account of his human longing for a bed or a roof over his head or anything that might nerve him as a temporary home."

"The last three American ambassadors in London have all been men of very large private means, which they have spent ungrudgingly in their country's service. They have accustomed both Englishmen and Americans to a certain style and scale of doing things, and the transition from a millionaire to a man of moderate means, whether wholesome or not, would undoubtedly entail a certain amount of social and political and personal inconvenience and unfulfillment."

Aeroplanes on Battleships.

Washington, March 3.—All battleships and cruisers in the United States navy are soon to be equipped with hydroaeroplanes and launching devices. It is expected that most of the vessels will have their equipment of aerial scouts in time for use for the summer maneuvers. The first to receive the hydroaeroplanes are the super-Dreadnoughts of the Atlantic fleet and the scout cruisers Birmingham, Chester and Salem.

Livingstone's Letter.

London, March 2.—While David Livingstone, the African explorer, was in darkest Africa he wrote a letter on part of a copy of the London Standard of Nov. 24, 1893, and Murray, the Albermarle street publisher, now has this relic. It will be placed on exhibition at the centenary celebration this month. Livingstone did the writing on the bit of newspaper with a colored liquid from the juice of plants, his ink having become exhausted.

One curious point is that the fragment of the Standard on which the now priceless letter is written contains an account of Livingstone's work in Africa, in which the following lines occur:

Away from friends, away from family, he keeps along his course, untired and undimmed. It is happy intelligence, therefore, that we have of him. More than that, he is nearer to those sources for which generations have searched in vain and are searching even now. In one day moving on, the next retreating, his steps: here hurrying forward, there camping for a month; calculating between the forest and the sky, between the stream and the ocean; tramping perpetually, bivouacking anywhere—the life of an African traveler, we must admit, is not one of oriental luxury. Yet he knows that the people at home are following him with good wishes; that his comrades in science are listening, as it were, for his every footfall on those remote and solitary sands, and that, physically speaking, "the light of the world" is brightening as he carries forward the torch.

Over these printed words Livingstone traced his letter in the lonely jungle after having read the appreciation from the heart of civilization of his great work.

Rushes Photo Over Wire.

Paris, March 2.—Edouard Itellin, a French inventor, has succeeded in telegraphing a photograph from Bordeaux to Paris in the record time of four minutes.

M. Itellin's process differs radically from Koenig's method. Instead of using selenium he prepares a photographic plate the base of which is bichromated gelatin and the surface of which is uneven.

A small metal point, passing over the uneven surface of the plate, causes a variation of the electric current, which renders possible the transmission over a telegraph or telephone wire of the lights and shades of half tone plates and is attended with remarkable regularity and speed.

The most interesting feature of M. Itellin's invention is that it is possible to carry about a small apparatus weighing about sixteen pounds and immediately attach it at any telephone station. This renders possible the telephoning of pictures over long distances.

National Park in Colorado.

Washington, March 3.—A national park in the Rocky mountains of Colorado, in the vicinity of Long's peak, including the valley known as Estes park, the continental divide and the mountain ranges near by, has been recommended by H. H. Marshall, chief geographer of the United States geological survey, who has just completed a detailed examination of the region. Mr. Marshall suggested that it be named Rocky Mountain National park.

"The region is as beautiful as any to be found in the United States," said Mr. Marshall, "as there is spread before the eye the gorgeous assemblage of wonderful mountain ranges surrounded by fantastic and ever changing clouds. The elevation ranges from 7,500 to 14,000 feet, and the area is well watered and affords abundant opportunity for the camper. It would be nearer to the large centers of population than any of the present parks and would be available for many people who cannot afford to go to the parks further away."

Children Bordered Out.

New York, March 5.—The institutional baby in one of New York's baby problems—the wails who go to the founding asylums. Thousands are abandoned every year, who must be cured for this. It has been found that institutionalism is fatal to babies. Beyond doubt babies may have every rare in institutions and yet pine and die there who would thrive if given less care in a private home. In one of the best institutions the death rate is 50 per cent.

The board of health is finding that babies can be boarded out in private homes at less cost than their support in institutions means. At present 2,844 are boarded out in New York city as the result of this discovery by the board, and their care and quarters are so supervised that there is very little danger of neglect. The women who have them in charge are under the supervision of nurses and inspectors, and this has helped to keep mortality down.

Animal Hospital.

New York, March 4.—Animals in this city will soon have the pleasure of care in the finest veterinary hospital in the world, when they are injured or become ill. Following exhaustive study of important animal hospitals in Europe by Mrs. James Speyer, president of the Woman's League For Animals, the league has commenced building a three story fireproof structure, equipped to the last detail with modern conveniences, for the care of surgeons who will direct its operations.

The new institution, to be known as the Animal hospital, will represent upon its completion an outlay of \$117,000 and will be opened probably early next summer. It will be erected in Lafayette street, between Bond street and Stuyvesant street, on a site acquired by the Woman's league at a cost of \$65,500. The new building is expected to cost a little more than \$50,000.

Up to Date Farming Methods

FOWLS OF CLASS.

Indian Runner Ducks Have Many Fine Points.

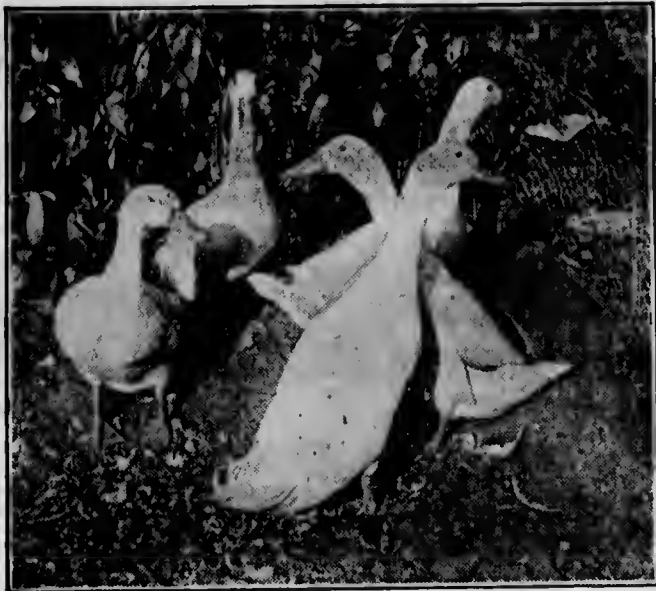
LITTLE TROUBLE TO RAISE.

Not Subject to Diseases Like Chickens and Lay Eggs of High Quality. Three Varieties Are English Standard, American Standard and White. My first trio of Indian Runner ducks were bought for the express purpose of destroying some troublesome insects in my flower beds, says a correspondent of Farm and Ranch. I intended to dispose of them, either sell or eat

CREED OF A SUCCESSFUL TRUCK FARMER.

Lay out the plot to have steps in the harvesting. Buy only good seed. Keep the weeds down. Don't hire help every time you think you need it. If the land is inclined to drift leave it as rough as possible. Find out the proper time to plant and plant on time. Devote all your time to your crop. Don't keep cows. Milking time, early and late, is the best time for work in the garden. Where possible sell direct to the consumer.—Country Gentleman.

Indian Runner Ducks



These ducks, which are valued at \$10 apiece, are considered exceptionally fine specimens of their breed and won the championship at the Oklahoma state fair poultry show last fall. They were bred and exhibited by Mrs. A. M. Thompson of Marlow, Okla.

them, as soon as the insects were gone. They destroyed the insects like magic, but not a flower was injured.

But before I disposed of them I learned they were valuable in many other ways. They outlay any breed of chickens, are easier raised and are less trouble when mature. Indian Runner ducks are almost grown and ready for market when eight weeks old and begin laying when from four and a half to six months old and lay the year round, winter and summer. They have no lice, no mites nor any other insect pests, no roup, no sorehead nor scaly legs, and they are not subject to diseases.

Indian ducks do not need any water except to drink, and when insects are plentiful they require very little food. They do not fly over fences nor scratch up the gardens. A two foot fence will hold them. They lay a beautiful white egg, hard to distinguish from hen eggs, except by size, eight duck eggs being equal to twelve hen eggs, and the eggs are just as delicious to eat, not strong like other duck eggs. Many prefer them to any other egg.

The surplus drakes make the most delicious table fowls, but to kill a Runner duck would be killing the goose that laid the golden egg, since Runners are valuable as layers when much older than laying hens.

There are three varieties of this wonderful breed of ducks—the English Standard, which in color is fawn or brown and white, the colored body feathers being pencilled. The head and tail of the drake are a dark bronze color, often showing a greenish luster. These are not show birds in this country, but they cannot be beaten as producers of fine white eggs. They are fine for utility purposes.

The American Standard, or exhibition Runner, of this country, in type and marking, is just the same as the English Standard, but in color is an even light fawn and white, with no pencilling. The head and tail of the drake are the same color as the body, but only a little darker. Some ducks of this variety lay tinted eggs, but there is not a good market for green or tinted eggs, and it is safest to buy only the white egg strain.

White Indian Runners are new, scarce and very expensive. They have all the good points of the other Runners and, in addition, are pure white—no breeding off color nor fading in the sun. They have the same graceful outlines and upright carriage that have made the older types of this breed admired everywhere.

SOME DAIRY WISDOM.

It's a wrong idea that "only the rich can afford to run a dairy by modern, scientific methods." The rich are the only ones who can afford to run it any other way.

There's prosperity for the farmer who gets rid of his scrub cows and replaces them with a good dairy breed; there's hope for the farmer who keeps his common stock, but tries to make the most of them by adopting newer and better dairy practice, but for the farmer who obstinately sticks to his scrub cows and scrubby ways, there's—well, "Rans mit him!"

The good dairyman believes in the gospel of the "little thing." Close attention to "trifles" makes a dairy profitable, but a profitable dairy is no trifle.

Some dairy farmers keep the bull in a single stall, tied short with a rope through the nose ring, give him poor care and worse food, club him with a pitchfork every time the stall is cleaned, keep him from getting sunshine and exercise and then wonder why he becomes a vicious and dangerous brute.

Another coat of whitewash and a few more dabs of paint will make that shabby milk house look like what it ain't, but ought to be.

Put salt where the stock can get it when they want it instead of having to wait until the hired man thinks of it.

The hired man who treats the cows with kindness, is conscientious about their feed and care and milks rapidly and thoroughly may not be a "thing of beauty," but the wise dairyman considers him a "joy forever."

The cow will do best in a clean, well lighted, well ventilated stable, while the tuberculous germ thrives in a damp, dark, musty barn. Which of these critters are you entering to?—Hoard's Dairyman.

It Pays to Advertise. If you raise fine fruit or vegetables for the table, why not let the people in your market town know it by means of newspaper advertising? You may thus sell many a wagon load direct to consumers and at a much better price than when the middleman is your only customer.

Snake Kills Snake. In South America they are now using snakes to catch snakes.

Even in the most civilized parts of Brazil over 1,000 persons are killed annually by snake bite.

The mongoose, which proved so effective in Japan and elsewhere, is of little use here. Necessity is the mother of invention, and nature and science together have at last discovered something which it is hoped may eventually exterminate the dreadful pest.

The discovery is nothing else than a "benighted" snake which is harmless to man and which kills and eats the poisonous species.

The mousurann, as it is called, is a thick, muscular snake about four feet long. It is possessed of an insatiable appetite for poisonous vipers and can tell of the approach of one in the same way that a pointer will "scout" game. When tackling its prey, which is frequently considerably bigger than itself, the "good" snake assumes a lethargic air, as if it were glutted with food and could not fight. Seeing this, the bad snake immediately attacks.

This is just what the other wants, for, being rendered by nature completely immune from the poison, it seizes its enemy before it has had time to recover from the charge and gives a fatal bite at the base of the brain.

IT'S HARD ON THE SOIL.

Removal of the Corn Stover Takes Away Much Valuable Plant Food.

Farmers often ask "what effect the removal of corn stover has on the fertility of the land. It has been demonstrated that a ton of corn stover—that is, stalks without ears—contains sixteen pounds of nitrogen, two pounds of phosphorus and seventeen pounds of potassium. Figure a grain yield of fifty bushels and a stover yield of two and a half tons per acre. From this crop the stover removes nearly as much nitrogen and a great deal more potassium from the soil than the grain crop does.

The average acre yield of corn stover contains about the same amount of nitrogen, half as much phosphorus and four times as much potassium as the average oats grain yield of fifty bushels per acre or wheat at twenty-five bushels per acre. Corn stover when removed from the land does deplete the soil materially.

Cornstalks have much humus value, so that no one can tell just the extent of the effect of removing corn stover. On sandy soil or heavy clay the benefits are most noticeable; therefore the character of the soil must be taken into account.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Give the Hog a Scratching Post.

If a hog knew how to tell his wants he would demand a scratching post. Such posts, in the opinion of many hog growers, are not only a source of great comfort to hogs, but the post may moreover be made useful in ridding the animals of lice or scaly skin. A successful Maryland hog grower adopts this plan: Firmly plant a hickory or oak post four inches in diameter in the hog run. Coil a manila rope around the post as high as a hog stands and staple it on securely. Then thoroughly saturate the rope with crude petroleum and it becomes an ideal scratching post for hogs and pigs. They will rub against it continually, and oil is fatal to vermin. Kerosene can be used, but it evaporates too readily.—American Cultivator.

Two Litters a Year.

It is no tax on a mature sow to raise two litters a year, and this should be done if you are fixed to cure for fall pigs. If you do not, then it will pay to fix for it. Breeding a sow only once a year is working good money making machinery only half time.—Farm Progress.

Keep the Hens Busy.

One of the most successful men in making hens lay in winter says he endeavors never to allow them to be idle. In summer hens are busy from morning till night, and that is one reason for their producing eggs more freely. They do not become too fat.

Not For Fattening Hogs.

Oats are not a satisfactory feed for fattening hogs. The digestive tract of the hog is so limited in capacity that in order to permit the proper weight of feed being eaten it is necessary that the ration be in a very concentrated form.

A Good Provider.

"Is he a good provider?" "I should say he is. He keeps his wife busy over a hot stove every day cooking the stuff he provides."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Least Important Part.

"Prisoner, the jury has declared you guilty." "Oh, that'll be all right, Judge. You are too intelligent a man, I think, to be influenced by what they say."

But He Didn't Hear the Answer.

Tommy—Pop, what is a freethinker? Pop—A freethinker, my son, is any man who isn't married.

Quits the Ravaree.

Mrs. Goodsole—How did you happen to go to the dogs? Everett West—I didn't, lady. He dogs always come to me if I'm not careful.—Boston Globe.



Editor—Is that new book, "Crime and Criminals," got up appropriately? Publisher—Yes, indeed; it's gullied and riddled full of steel engravings.—Pittsburgh Press.

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A four-year-old child was walking with her mother when a caterpillar crawled in front of them. "Mmver, mmver!" she cried. "Look! Your maff's little girl is out taking a walk."—Everybody's Magazine.

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AVERTING A MUTINY

By HOWARD BROWN-MOORE

WE were on our way from San Francisco to Hering sea for sea. Never did I sail with such forebodings. It was late in the season, and we had picked up a crew in San Francisco such as no officer would be pleased to sail with even in fair weather. My first mate I trusted implicitly, but my second was new to me, and I knew little of his antecedents. The men had been spending some time ashore between cruises, frequenting the lowest dives in the city, and when they came aboard they were drunk.

It was a bleak day that we sailed, and the weather didn't improve on acquaintance. My ship was a sloop and required constant handling aloft. A fine mist or a sheet fell most of the time, and the rigging was thick with ice. The consequence was that every time a man was ordered aloft he either went with a growl or refused to go at all. My first mate, Whittemore, and I were kept busy most of the time threatening, cursing or even knocking them down with any implement that came handy. As for Hadden, the second mate, if he gave a man an order and it wasn't obeyed he gave it to some one else.

One day, when we were beating against a biting northeast wind and the clouds were spitting snow, while standing on the after deck I saw the men gathering on the fore-castle. I knew trouble was brewing and, giving Whittemore a meaning look, directed his attention forward. As for Hadden, he was below, though had been on deck I should not have placed any reliance on him. Next I saw a man of the crew of the name of Billings urging his shipmates to follow him aft, starting himself, going a few steps and returning for more argument. A few followed him on some of these incipient advances, but the bulk of the crew hung back. Finally, after a harangue that I could not hear, he made another move, and all but two or three of them went with him.

It's not a pleasant sight for one man with no support but a single comrade out on a blustery ocean to see a kind of mob, doubtless with arms concealed, coming to murder him. I made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible and uncovered a revolver. I had carried ever since setting sail. Whittemore came and stood beside me.

The men had reached the companionway when one of them caught sight of something on the port quarter. Others turned to look, and one by one they stopped. "Thinking it safe to do so, I turned my own eye in the direction they were looking and saw a ship rounding the point of the cape. It was she that had arrested the men. Those bent on mutiny don't want any witnesses. They stood peering at her, and as she drew nearer it was plain that she had suffered rough usage. Her masts, all except her foremast, were gone, and that had a single sail set. No one was to be distinguished on deck until she came within halting distance, when through the flying

snowflakes one person was discoverable.

At the wheel stood a helmsman. The ship scudded across our course not a hundred yards in advance of us, and only the one man was to be seen. He was motionless except for the rolling of the ship. I halted, but he neither answered nor turned even to look at us. He was not plainly visible and only so for a few moments, for no sooner did he reach the nearest point to us than a snow squall hid both him and his ship, and when it thinned the vessel was but a few indistinct lines.

Sailors are the most superstitious people in the world, and my crew was of the lowest and most superstitious type of sailors. I could see by their appearance that they considered the passing vessel a phantom and the wheelman a ghost.

Here was my opportunity. Drawing my revolver and motioning Whittemore to follow me, I walked briskly forward. On reaching the fore-castle I covered Billings with my revolver and ordered him to walk aft. He looked at the men for help, but saw that they were cowed and obeyed the order. I marched him down the gangway, and in a few minutes my mates had him disarmed and in irons. Then I went again on deck and told the crew that if they wished to escape a hanging when we reached port they had better return to duty at once. Most of them obeyed with alacrity. Those who showed signs of giving further trouble I had put in irons by the very men they had been influencing to mutiny.

The wind howled that night, and the next day we got an observation. Finding that I was far out of my course, I put her off considerably, sailing in the direction of the phantom. In another day we overhauled her. As we came up astern of her we saw her name, the Alida of Tacoma, Wash. There was the man still at the wheel, but not another person in sight. I drew up beside her as near as I dared, and, examining the helmsman through a glass, saw that he was stone dead.

I sent a boat's crew aboard, who found that the ship had been dismantled in a gale and deserted by her crew. The man at the wheel was her captain, who had undoubtedly refused to abandon his ship. Finding his strength failing, he had lashed himself to the wheel, steered his vessel for hundreds of miles through icy storms and had frozen at his post.

The only good his heroism and sufferings accomplished was the saving of my life.

Sizing Him Up.

When you call the average young man honest he is likely to feel a mild sort of gratification. When you call him competent, his chest begins to bulge. When you call him a heart breaker he slaps you on the shoulder and gives you to understand that he considers you a person of remarkable perception and unerring judgment.—Chicago Record Herald.

That's the Rub.

Perdy—You don't seem to care this year how the styles in spring suits are cut. Reginald—All I want to know is how the price is going to be cut.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Unhappy Explanation.

"What makes Willoughby look so woe-begone? Disappointed in love?" "Yes." "Who got the girl?" "He did."—Birmingham Age Herald.

How Careless.

"She suddenly!" Did I hear something fall? He (timidly) I dropped a remark.—Baltimore American.

Mother at telephone, giving order to grocer and sending baby in mischief.—Send me a pound of fresh—butter!—butter and stop that!—two dozen eggs—or mother'll spank you—the last you sent were stale—you naughty boy!—Life.

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AN ARMENIAN WEDDING.

Stranous Ordeal "Happy" Man Undergoes Before Marriage.

An Armenian wedding is described in the Detroit Free Press. It lasts for several days and starts with a general meeting of friends and relatives, who are entertained by a band of minstrels and dancers until the arrival of the bridegroom. In the midst of the uproar it is Armenian etiquette that the "happy" man shall totter in with faltering footsteps and blanched face (it has just been whitened with a little powder) in order to go through the ordeal of preparation.

He is first publicly shaved and then adorned with the various gifts sent by the bride elect. His brothers next fall upon him and with such vigor (that he speedily stands forth as natura made him). Then they completely reclothe him in new garments as best they can—a difficult job when one remembers that custom forces them to hold candles in their right hands throughout the operation.

The evening terminates with bonfires, more music and much dancing. Upon the following evening the bride puts in her first appearance by riding to church. The bridegroom walks. The priest meets them at the porch and reads them a very reasonable little homily upon the obligations they are about to undertake. They next march in procession to the altar, where their foreheads are bound together with gold chains.

Even then, however, another three days must elapse before the expectant bridegroom is allowed to claim his bride.

WARNING.

Beware of the man who knows too much, especially if it happens to be yourself.—Life.

TURKISH TITLES.

The Most Common Ones Are Here Translated into English.

For the information of readers who do not understand the titles to Turkish proper names that are seen in print frequently of late the Turkish embassy at Washington explained the use of some of the terms. In the first place, our American prefixes "Mr." and "General" become sultans in Turkish.

A caliph is a prince of the royal line and Mohammed's representative, ranking next to the sultan himself in importance. The next title of importance is sheik al islam, or head of the Mohammedan faith. Imam is the title by which a priest is originally addressed.

Pasha is the highest title within the gift of the sultan. It is conferred chiefly on men who achieve distinction in arts and letters or in commerce. The word key attached to the name of a person indicates that the bearer is distinguished for service of the country. The term effendi indicates that the man so addressed is higher in birth, breeding or education than the man speaking and is a variable title, depending on the rank of those carrying on a conversation.

The grand vizier, or ashorazam, is the premier of the cabinet and is the highest of government civil officials. The governor of a province is known as vali. This term is added to the name instead of being prefixed. Detroit Free Press.

School For Discontented.

There is a school for discontented school children in Kansas City, Mo. It has been organized for the purpose of educating children over fourteen years of age who have reached the fifth grade and find the work of the regular school distasteful. Such pupils frequently appear "backward" or lazy when in reality all they need is a different form of educational activity.

In the Kansas school courses in bench woodworking, shop drawing, pattern making, printing, carpentry and shop electricity are provided for the boys; cooking, sewing, millinery and embroidery for the girls. Classes in plumbing, bricklaying and concrete work will be formed as soon as the demand warrants.

The course is three years. During the first two years the teacher directs the choice of the pupils, but for the last year each boy is allowed to select his work in the trade he wishes to learn. Time is about equally divided between industrial and academic branches.

Protection Fee In Vienna.

The more pretentious apartment houses in Vienna have a curious impost levied upon them. The doors are closed at 10 o'clock at night, and after that hour every one who goes or comes must pay 20 cents until midnight and 40 cents thereafter until 6 o'clock in the morning. The impost must be paid as many times as a man enters or leaves a house. If, for instance, a person is in the house of a friend until 1 o'clock he must pay 40 cents on leaving the friend's house and another 40 cents on entering his own. The money thus raised is devoted to protecting citizens against burglars.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Policewoman. Kalamazoo has the first policewoman in Michigan. Miss Ora Matthews, travelers' aid secretary of the Young Women's Christian association, has received the appointment, which Police Chief Struble recommended to the police and the commission. The activity of Miss Matthews among the young women of the city led the police chief to believe that she would prove an excellent acquisition to the force.

